

EPISODE ONE.

Rentitled: "PROJECT INFERNO"

Working Title: "DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

By

Don Hougham.

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EPISODE ONE.

Working Title:

"DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

CAST:

DR WHO,
LIZ SHAW.
BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE STEWART.
PROFESSOR ERIC STAHLMAN.
SIR KEITH MULVANEY.
GREG SUTTON.
PETRA WILLIAMS.
UNIT SERGEANT.
HARRY SLOCUM.

EXTRAS: SUTTON'S DRIVER, UNIT SOLDIERS, TECHNICIANS AND FIRE-FIGHTERS.

* * *

SETS:

INTERIORS:

CENTRAL CONTROL AREA. Could be Composite.
DRILL-HEAD AREA.
THE DOCTOR'S HUT.
THE DOCTOR'S HUT, NIGHTMARE WARP.
NIGHTMARE WARP.
BRIGADIER'S OFFICE.
MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR.
STAIRWAY LEADING TO IT.

* * *

EXTERIORS:

MAIN GATES AND MOLEBORE COMPLEX.
OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING.
OUTSIDE THE DOCTOR'S HUT.
OUTSIDE THE NUCLEAR REACTOR.
ANOTHER PART OF THE COMPLEX.

(No dialogue in the Exterior Scenes.)

EPISODE ONE.

"DR WHO AND THE MOLE-BORE"

By

Don Houghton.

(SERIAL 'DDD')

OPENING TITLES AND CREDITS.

1.T/C.

EXT. MAIN GATES AND MOLE-BORE COMPLEX.
DAY.

ESTABLISHING SHOT OF THE MAIN GATES,
TWO ARMED UNIT SENTRIES ARE ON GUARD
BESIDE THEM. A LARGE NOTICE SAYS:

'PROJECT MOLE-BORE. STRICTLY NO ADMITT.
ANCE TO UNAUTHORISED PERSONS. MINISTRY
OF ENERGY AND RESOURCES.'

MOVE THE CAMERA HIGHER SO THAT WE CAN
SEE BEYOND THE GATES TO THE ENORMOUS
AND COMPLICATED MOLE-BORE PLANT AND
ESTABLISHMENT.

CUT TO:

2.T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING.
SAME TIME.

THIS IS THE MAIN OPERATIONAL BUILDING AND
NERVE CENTRE OF 'PROJECT MOLE-BORE'.
THE ENTRANCE IS GUARDED BY ANOTHER UNIT
SENTRY.

HARRY SLOCUM, A DRILL-HEAD RIGGER,
DRESSED IN WHITE WORK OVERALLS AND
CARRYING A LARGE TOOL BAG, COMES INTO
VIEW. HE SHOWS HIS IDENTITY BADGE TO THE
SENTRY AND MOVES INSIDE.

CUT TO:

3.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL AREA. SAME TIME.

THIS IS THE MAIN SET. ALMOST THE WHOLE AREA IS AUTOMATED. ELECTRONIC PANELS LINE THE ROOM, OPERATED BY WHITE COATED TECHNICIANS. DOMINATING THE AREA IS A LARGE, ILLUMINATED, DIAGRAMATIC PLAN OF THE DRILLING OPERATION. IT SHOWS THE DEPTH OF THE BORE AT THAT INSTANT, INDICATED BY A SERIES OF VERTICAL LIGHTS. THE BORE IS NOW AT A DEPTH OF 105,000 FT (ABOUT 20 MILES) AND VERY CLOSE TO A TARGET LINE OF 101,000 FT - THAT POINT WHERE THE BORE WILL PENETRATE THE EARTH'S OUTER CRUST AND TAP THE GAS POCKETS BENEATH THIS STRATA. THERE IS ALSO A COUNTDOWN INDICATOR WHICH GIVES THE ESTIMATED TIME LEFT BEFORE THAT PENETRATION. IT SHOWS THERE IS 72HRS: 1-MINS TO DEADLINE. (THIS INDICATOR IS PRACTICAL AND TICKS OFF THE TIME REMAINING, SECOND BY SECOND).

AT THE FAR END OF THE ROOM ARE TWO MASSIVE SLIDING STEEL DOORS WHICH OPEN INTO A SHORT TUNNEL LEADING TO THE DRILL HEAD AREA. THESE DOORS CAN ONLY BE OPERATED WHEN A PLASTIC IDENTIFICATION BADGE IS PUSHED INTO A SLOT AT THE SIDE (OR PLACED IN FRONT OF AN ELECTRONIC BEAM NEARBY).

AT THE OTHER END IS A HUGE COMPUTER SYSTEM. THIS MACHINE MONITORS ALL THE OPERATIONS IN THE AREA AND INSIDE THE BORE. IT CONSTANTLY POURS OUT A STREAM OF DATA AND INFORMATION. LOCATED SOMEWHERE BEHIND IT IS A PLATFORM IN FRONT OF SOME IMPORTANT AND HIGHLY TECHNICAL LOOKING SWITCHES.

THE STAFF IN CENTRAL CONTROL ARE UNDER THE DIRECT SUPERVISION OF PROFESSOR ERIC STAHLMAN, THE INSTIGATOR OF THE WHOLE PROJECT; AN AGGRESSIVE AND DOMINEERING MAN. HE'S CONSTANTLY ON THE GO, CHECKING FINDINGS, READING DIALS, MAKING ON-THE-Spot ADJUSTMENTS, ETC.

IN THE B.G. IS SIR KEITH MULVANEY, A MORE BENIGN, SCHOLARLY PERSON, TOTALLY OPPOSITE IN CHARACTER TO STAHLMAN. HE IS THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF THE PROJECT.

WE CONCENTRATE ON HARRY SLOCUM AS HE COMES INTO CENTRAL CONTROL. HE MOVES TOWARDS THE DRILL-HEAD TUNNEL, WHERE HE IS INTERCEPTED BY PETRA WILLIAMS, PROFESSOR STAHLMAN'S ATTRACTIVE, BUT RATHER AUSTERE ASSISTANT.

HARRY: They said Number 2 Output Pipe is on the blink again.

PETRA: Yes. Not too serious, though. In the meantime we've switched back to Numbers 1 and 3.

HARRY: They're going to have to go steady. That's the third time in a couple of days.

IN THE B.G. SIR KEITH HAS MOVED OVER TO STAHLMAN AND ENGAGES HIM IN CONVERSATION.

PETRA ACTIVATES THE SLIDING DOORS AND SHE AND HARRY GO THROUGH.

CUT TO:

4. INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA. SAME TIME.

THIS IS A MUCH SMALLER AREA THAN CENTRAL CONTROL. IN THE CENTRE OF THE FLOOR IS A HUGE, CIRCULAR, CHROME-STEEL BASE-PLATE BOLTED DOWN. LEADING INTO IT ARE A SERIES OF VERY LARGE CABLES AND PIPES. THIS IS THE DRILL-HEAD PROPER. 20 MILES BEneath THIS SPOT THE ROBOT CONTROLLED DRILL-BIT IS BORING DOWN THROUGH THE EARTH'S CRUST. GUAGES, DIALS, ETC., LINE THE WALLS AND ARE ATTENDED BY SOME TECHNICIANS. VIDEO CAMERAS AND MONITORS ARE STRATEGICALLY PLACED. A SIMPLIFIED DIAGRAM OF THE BORE'S PROGRESS AND A COUNTDOWN INDICATOR ARE ALSO IN EVIDENCE.

HARRY AND PETRA COME IN. ON ONE OF THE CONTROL PANELS NEARBY A TINY RED LIGHT BLINKS ITS WARNING. PETRA TAKES HARRY OVER TO ONE OF THE GIANT OUTPUT PIPES. HERE WE CAN SEE THAT A FLANGE IS PRACTICALLY LOOSE AND AROUND THE BREACH THERE GLISTENS A FEW DROPLETS OF AN EVIL, GLUTINOUS LOOKING LIQUID.

HARRY NODS, PUTS DOWN HIS TOOL BAG, OPENS IT AND TAKES OUT A LARGE WRENCH. PETRA MOVES BACK TO THE TUNNEL AND CENTRAL CONTROL.

CUT TO:

5. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL AREA. SAME TIME.

AS PETRA COMES BACK IN SHE NOTICES THAT STAHLMAN AND SIR KEITH ARE HAVING A BICKERING ARGUMENT. WE MOVE OVER TO HEAR IT.

STAHLMAN: (ANGRILY) ...And I tell you, Sir Keith, I don't need any more Control staff! The place is already over run with 'advisors' and 'busy bodies'.

SIR KEITH: Greg Sutton is an oil drilling expert, Professor Stahlman. Probably the finest and most experienced there is.

STAHLMAN: We are not drilling for oil; we are penetrating the Earth's outer crust - specifically to tap the energy sources which lie beneath it.

SIR KEITH: The basic problems are the same..

STAHLMAN: There are no problems - basic or otherwise!

SIR KEITH: I beg to differ. At this moment Number 2 Output Pipe is...

STAHLMAN: You can differ all you like. I don't need any more experts. And I know all about Number 2 Output Pipe. As the pressures increase we are bound to get these little annoyances. It only takes a trigger a few minutes to fix it. It is not a problem, Sir Keith!

SIR KEITH: How can you say that with any assurance, Professor? Nobody has ever drilled this deep before. The bore is now more than 20 miles down...

STAHLMAN: I know to the inch how deep it is. I am still the Technical Director of this project!

SIR KEITH: And I must remind you that I am the Executive Director.

STAHLMAN: (DEEP SARCASM) Then go and supervise the Canteen facilities, Sir Keith - or make out a new roster for the cleaners. Only - keep out of my way!

AND STAHLMAN MOVES OFF ANGRILY. SIR KEITH FROWNS AND GIVES OUT WITH A FRUSTRATED SIGH.

CUT TO:

INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA. SAME TIME.

HARRY HAS TIGHTENED UP THE FLANGE AND THE RED WARNING LIGHT HAS GONE OUT. HE PACKS UP HIS GEAR AND IS ABOUT TO LEAVE - WHEN HE NOTICES THE LIQUID ABOUT THE FLANGE JOINT. HE TAKES A RAG FROM HIS POCKET TO WIPE THE AREA CLEAN - BUT AS SOON AS IT TOUCHES THE LIQUID THE MATERIAL SEEMS TO BURN UP. WISPS OF SMOKE DART OUT AND HARRY JERKS BOTH HIS HANDS AWAY. THEN HE STARES DOWN AT THEM WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN IN CONTACT

more.

WITH THE LIQUID THEY ARE STAINED A BRILLIANT GREEN COLOUR. EVEN AS HE MATCHES THE STAINS BEGIN TO SPREAD. HE TRIES WIPING THEM OFF ON HIS OVERALLS - BUT THE MARKS PERSIST.

WE MOVE FROM HIS HANDS TO HIS EYES IN C.U. VERY, VERY FAINTLY WE MIGHT HEAR AN ECHOING, SCREECHING NOISE. HARRY'S EYES NARROW AND HIS WHOLE EXPRESSION SEEMS TO CHANGE.

CUT TO:

7. INT. CENTRAL CONTROL AREA, SAME TIME.

PETRA HAS MOVED TO SIR KEITH. THE LATTER STANDS STILL FROWNING, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

PETRA When is this oil drilling expert arriving, Sir Keith?

SIR KEITH (STARTS) Wha... Oh, tomorrow sometime, Petra. He's only just got back from Kuwait. His appointment here has the Ministry's sanction... (HE LOOKS OVER TO STANLMAN) Why is that man so unreasonable?

PETRA (QUIETLY) He's a genius, Sir Keith - and most geniuses are unreasonable. After all, Project Mole-Bore is the culmination of his life's work. Perhaps it tends to make him a little jealous of all outsiders.

AND SHE GOES BACK TO HER WORK.

WE MOVE AWAY FROM THEM TO THE TUNNEL DOORS AS THEY OPEN. HARRY SLOCUM COMES THROUGH. THERE IS A VAGUE, DISTANT LOOK ON HIS FACE. IN HIS HAND HE CARRIES ONLY THE WRENCH. WE FOLLOW HIM AS HE EXITS.

CUT TO:

.T/C. EXT. OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING, SAME TIME.

AS HARRY COMES OUT, HE'S WALKING AS THOUGH IN A DREAM, IGNORING THE UNIT SENTRY NEARBY. THEN HARRY STOPS. HIS FACE TWISTS INTO AN AWFUL GRIMACE AND HE PUTS HIS STAINED HANDS UP TO HIS TEMPLES. AGAIN, VERY FAINTLY, WE HEAR THAT SCREECHING NOISE - INDICATING THAT SOMETHING WEIRD IS HAPPENING TO HARRY SLOCUM. HE STAGGERS. THE UNIT SENTRY, POSSIBLY BELIEVING THAT HARRY IS SICK, APPROACHES HIM.

AS SOON AS THE SOLDIER TOUCHES HARRY THE LATTER SWINGS ROUND - HIS FACE CONCERNED AND TWISTED WITH SUDDEN RAGE AND INEXPLICABLE FURY. ALARMED, THE SENTRY TAKES A STEP BACK. THEN, FOR NO APPARENT REASON, HARRY LIFTS THE HUGE WRENCH AND ADVANCES ON THE SOLDIER. FROM HARRY'S MOUTH THERE COMES THAT UNEARTHLY SCREECHING NOISE. THE Sentry LIFTS HIS RIFLE TO PROTECT HIMSELF - BUT THE WRENCH COMES CRASHING DOWN ON HIS HEAD...

FADE OUT:
FADE IN ON:

9.T/C.

EXT. MAIN GATES AND MOLE-BORE COMPLEX
NEXT MORNING.

A LARGE, OFFICIAL LOOKING BLACK LINCOLN COMES IN AND STOPS AT THE MAIN GATES. ONE OF THE UNIT SENTRIES APPROACHES THE UNIFORMED DRIVER, CHECKS HIS IDENTITY AND THAT OF HIS PASSENGER IN THE BACK. SATISFIED HE ISSUES THEM BOTH WITH PLASTIC IDENT-BADGES. THEN HE SIGNALS TO THE OTHER SENTRY WHO OPERATES A SWITCH THAT OPENS THE GATES. HE ALSO LIFTS A NEARBY PHONE AND SPEAKS INTO IT. THE CAR GLIDES THROUGH - AND INTO THE COMPLEX.

THE PASSENGER IN THE BACK SEAT IS GREG SUTTON, A NUGGETY, TOUGH-LOOKING, RUGGED INDIVIDUAL. A 'TROUBLESHOOTER' TYPE.

ON A ROADWAY INSIDE THE COMPLEX DR WHC IS DRIVING ALONG IN HIS VETERAN CAR AT A LEASURELY PACE. THE LIMOUSINE DRAWS UP BEHIND IT AND THE DRIVER HONKS THE DOCTOR IMPATIENTLY. THE DOCTOR COOLLY WAVES HIM ON. THE LIMOUSINE SWEEPS PAST AND CUTS IN VICIOUSLY, CAUSING THE DOCTOR TO SWERVE - THEN IT ACCELERATES QUICKLY AND DRAWS AWAY. THE DOCTOR GIVES OUT WITH A LITTLE FROWN OF ANNOYANCE AND A SIGH THAT INDICATES THAT SOMEONE IS ABOUT TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON IN COURTESY. HE PULLS A COUPLE OF KNOBS, FLICKS A SWITCH - AND THE VETERAN CAR SHUDDERS ALARMINGLY. IT ALSO ACCELERATES AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE. THE DOCTOR, COMPLETELY IMPERTURBABLE, EXTENDS HIS ARM IN A VERY CORRECT HAND SIGNAL AND SMILES CHARMINGLY AT THE AMAZED DRIVER AS THE ANCIENT VEHICLE WHOOSHES PAST THE LIMOUSINE, BELCHING CLOUDS OF MULTI-COLOURED SMOKE BEHIND IT. AFTER THE DOCTOR HAS SAFELY PULLED AHEAD, HE MAKES A FURTHER SIGNAL, DECELERATES AND TUCKS HIMSELF IN FRONT

more.

OF THE LIMOUSINE. FROM THE BACK OF THE DOCTOR'S CAR ALOUDSPEAKER EMERGES. WITH A CRACKLE, AND IN A METALLIC, DALEK LIKE VOICE, IT ANNOUNCES:

VOICE I: "Courtesy on the roads saves lives
It may save yours one day. Thank you for listening.
Message ends."

THE LIMOUSINE DROPS BACK TO A CRAWL.
THE DRIVER'S FACE IS A MASK OF AMAZEMENT

THE DOCTOR RESUMES HIS LEASURELY PACE.

CUT TO:

10. T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING.
SAME TIME,

THE DOCTOR'S CAR COMES IN AND PARKS
OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE WITH GREAT
DECORUM. SUTTON'S LIMOUSINE CRAWLS
UP BEHIND AND STOPS.

ALL THIS HAS BEEN WATCHED BY SIR KEITH,
WHO IS WAITING AT THE ENTRANCE FOR
SUTTON. THE DOCTOR GETS OUT OF HIS CAR,
STUDIOUSLY IGNORES THE LIMOUSINE BEHIND,
GIVES SIR KEITH A CHEERY WAVE - AND GOES
INSIDE. SIR KEITH SUPPRESSES A SMILE
AND GOES FORWARD TO MEET GREG SUTTON.

CUT TO:

11.

INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE. A LITTLE LATER.

A SMALL, AUSTERE ROOM. TWO DOORS LEAD
INTO IT - ONE MARKED 'TO CENTRAL CONTROL'.
A DESK, A COUPLE OF CHAIRS, PERHAPS A
WINDOW LOOKING OUT ONTO THE COMPLEX,
SOME VIDEO MONITORS AND USUAL OFFICE
FURNITURE. ON THE DESK IS A SMALL
PLAQUE WHICH SAYS: 'BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE
STEWART. UNIT SECURITY'.

THE BRIGADIER AND HIS UNIT SERGEANT ARE
LOOKING AT HARRY SLOCUM'S WRENCH WHICH
IS LYING ON A WHITE METAL TRAY. THE
BRIGADIER SHAKES HIS HEAD SLOWLY.

BRIGADIER: (QUIETLY) It doesn't make any
sense, does it?

AN INTERCOM BUZZES ON HIS DESK. HE
FLICKS IT ON.

BRIGADIER: (TO INTERCOM) Yes?

VOICE II: (ON FILTER) The Doctor is here,
Sir.

BRIGADIER: Ask him to come in.

AND HE FLICKS THE INTERCOM OFF. THEN HE MOVES FROM THE DESK TO THE WINDOW. MOMENTS LATER THE DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR COMES IN. THE BRIGADIER TURNS TO GREET HIM.

BRIGADIER: Good morning, Doctor.

DR WHO: For others perhaps. As for you - your voice on the telephone carried with it a note of deep concern. I deduce, therefore, that it is not an exceptionally 'good morning' for you.

BRIGADIER: No. Anyway, thank you for coming over so promptly.

THE DOCTOR IS STUDYING THE WRENCH. HE POINTS TO IT.

DR WHO: Are you perhaps contemplating a transfer from Security to the Maintenance Department, Brigadier ?

BRIGADIER: No, Doctor. (BEAT) That wrench is a murder weapon.

THE DOCTOR STUDIES IT MORE CLOSELY.

DR WHO: Oh ?

BRIGADIER: Late yesterday afternoon one of my men was brutally beaten to death by that thing. Right outside the main entrance of this building.

DR WHO: (CONCERN) My dear fellow, how dreadful. It's the first I've heard of it.

BRIGADIER: Well, we slammed an immediate Security Black Out on it - even so, word has leaked out, I'm afraid.

DR WHO: Who would do such a thing ?

BRIGADIER: The question at this stage is not so much 'who' - but 'why'. The wrench was lying beside the sentry's body. It belonged to a Drill-Head Rigger called Harry Slocombe.

DR WHO: Whom you have apprehended, I imagine ?

BRIGADIER: Not yet. For the time being he seems to have disappeared. But he's still inside the complex. We'll find him. I have men searching the whole area. (BEAT) But the curious thing is that, up until now, Slocombe's record has been completely clean. The Sergeant has more details on his background.

SERGEANT: No history of violence, sir, no known criminal activities. In fact a quiet, gentle and pleasant man, according to his friends and work mates.

DR WHO: Strange.

BRIGADIER: And here's somethin' even strange
HE PUSHES THE TRAY CLOSER TO THE DOCTOR

BRIGADIER: Touch it.

THE DOCTOR TOUCHES THE WRENCH DELICATELY WITH HIS FOREFINGER - AND FROWNS.
THEN HE RUBS HIS FINGER WITH HIS THUMB.

DR WHO: It's warm.

SERGEANT: Yes, sir. And when we first found
it - it was hot - as though it had been in a furnace!

BRIGADIER: Now, almost twelve hours after the
murder, it's still warm.

THE DOCTOR TAKES OUT A SMALL MAGNIFYER
FROM HIS POCKET AND RE EXAMINES THE
WRENCH CAREFULLY.

DR WHO: Fingerprints?

BRIGADIER: None. Just smudges on the handle.

DR WHO: M'mmm.

BRIGADIER: I thought you might just be able to
spot somethin'...

DR WHO STRAIGHTENS UP.

DR WHO: Difficult without a full laboratory
analysis... But I might hazard an informed guess.

BRIGADIER: Yes?

DR WHO: It would appear that the wrench has
absorbed some intense energy. This may have
disturbed its atomic make-up.

BRIGADIER: What does that mean?

DR WHO: It might have been subjugated to an
incredible power force. Something latent. Some-
thing that holds a vast store of energy... Somethin'
being unleashed, perhaps. The mere touch of it
excites the molecules to such an extent that... (HE
STOPS) I don't know. Just a first impression. Jus'
a guess.

THE DOCTOR TURNS AWAY, DEEP IN THOUGHT.
THE SERGEANT AND THE BRIGADIER STARE AT
THE WRENCH.

CUT TO:

INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA, SAME TIME,

SUTTON AND SIR KEITH HAVE JUST COME IN.

more.

SIR KEITH IS DESCRIBING THE ACLE-BORE OPERATION.

SIR KEITH: And this, Mr Sutton, is the Drill-Head.

SUTTON: Drill-Head ? It looks like no Drill Head I've ever seen.

SIR KEITH: Nevertheless, some twenty miles beneath this spot a robot drill-bit is boring our shaft. Soon now it will penetrate the Earth's outer crust - and we shall be able to tap the pockets of 'Stakiman's Gas' that lie beneath it.

SUTTON: And what does this - 'Stakiman's Gas' do - when you've got it ?

SIR KEITH: It is presumed to be a vast, new storehouse of energy, Mr Sutton. It will feed power to this nation's industrial centres. Yes, a cheap, natural source of energy which has lain dormant for millions of years.

BY NOW SUTTON HAS WALKED OVER TO THE BASE-PLATE AND IS LOOKING AT THE GIANT PIPES AND CABLES LEADING FROM IT.

SUTTON: And what are all these pipes and cables ?

SIR KEITH POINTS TO EACH ONE AS HE TALKS.

SIR KEITH: These are Output Pipes. They draw up the powdered rock and minerals from the shaft - and funnel them through to our laboratories where everything is analysed and the findings relayed to our computer system. These pipes syphon a coolant chemical down the bore. And those cables feed the nuclear power from our own reactor down to the drill-bit.

SUTTON: Your own nuclear reactor, hah ? Well, that's handy.

SIR KEITH: The project is of vital importance. No expense spared. We have some of the finest brains in the country working with us here.

SUTTON: Yes, but I still don't see where I fit in. I'm just an oilman, Sir Keith.

SIR KEITH: And as such, Mr Sutton, you have a unique quality. Sometimes our scientists get bogged down with complicated theories and programmes. As we approach the last few thousand feet of the Earth's crust - we need someone who can act and think instinctively. Someone who has a 'feeling' for drills and bores and shafts. Someone who has practical experience of dealing with emergencies as they arise...

SUTTON: Emergencies ! You having trouble here, then ?

SIR KEITH: (HESITANTLY) No - not yet.

SUTTON: But you think you might?

SIR KEITH: (EVASIVELY) I don't know.

HE MOVES QUICKLY TOWARDS THE TUNNEL LEADING TO CENTRAL CONTROL.

SIR KEITH: It's time I introduced you to some of our Senior Staff, Mr Sutton.

SUTTON FOLLOWS HIM OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL AREA, SAME TIME.

THE TUNNEL DOORS OPEN AND SIR KEITH AND SUTTON COME IN. (N.B: COUNTDOWN INDICATOR SHOWS 59HRS: 2MINS. PROGRESS DIAGRAM INDICATES THE BORE DEPTH AT OVER 105,900 FT.)

SIR KEITH SPOTS PETRA WILLIAMS AND BRINGS SUTTON OVER TO HER.

SIR KEITH: This is Miss Petra Williams, Personal Assistant to Professor Stahlman.

SUTTON'S EYES LIGHT UP A FRACTION ON BEING INTRODUCED TO THE STARCHY, BUT ATTRACTIVE PETRA.

SUTTON: Hi.

SIR KEITH: Mr Greg Sutton is the drilling expert I spoke of. (TO SUTTON) Miss Williams has worked with the Professor for some years now. She is a veritable mine of information.

PETRA: How do you do, Mr Sutton. I hope you are going to like working here.

IN THE MEANTIME STAHLMAN HAS COME INTO CENTRAL CONTROL. HE TAKES UP A POSITION CLOSE BY.

SUTTON: (SMILES) Feels better already, Miss Williams.

SIR KEITH TURNS TO STAHLMAN.

SIR KEITH: And this is Professor Eric Stahlman, Mr Sutton, Instigator of Project Mole-Bore..

STAHLMAN: (GRUNTS) Instigator? You make it sound as though I've perpetrated some crime against humanity.

SIR KEITH: This is Mr Sutton...

STAHLMAN: So I gather. Another recruit to Sir Keith Malveney's Cause, no doubt?

SUTTON: What cause?

STAHLMAN: His crusade to bring this whole operation to a grinding halt, Mr Sutton.

SIR KEITH: (EMBARASSED) Professor, please...

STAHLMAN: He's a dedicated man, you see. Dedicated to stifling us with over-caution - and with an overabundance of experts and advisors. We're drowning in them, Mr Sutton!

SUTTON: Look, I was invited...

STAHLMAN: We see them everywhere we look!

AND TO PUNCTUATE THAT POINT WE SEE THAT STAHLMAN HAS SPOTTED DR WHO APPROACHING.

STAHLMAN: (LOUDLY) There's another one.
AS THE DOCTOR DRAWS CLOSE HE SMILES GENTLY AT STAHLMAN.

DR WHO: Our liver playing up again this morning, is it, Professor? I really must introduce you to 'Sister Pickersgill's Herbal Tonic Water' sometime. Does work wonders, you know. Especially good for the gripes.

HE GIVES STAHLMAN A REASSURING LITTLE NOD AND MOVES ON. STAHLMAN TURNS AWAY IN DISGUST AND STORMS OFF. THE DOCTOR MOVES OVER TO THE COMPUTER. SIR KEITH MOTIONS SUTTON TO FOLLOW HIM OVER AND BE INTRODUCED TO DR WHO.

SIR KEITH: And this is Doctor...

SUTTON: Yes, we've already met.

DR WHO: Oh, have we? I'm sorry, I don't recall.

SUTTON: I don't doubt it. I was surrounded by clouds of coloured smoke at the time.

DR WHO IS BUSY FEEDING A SERIES OF NUMBERS FROM THE BACK OF AN OLD ENVELOPE INTO ONE OF THE SPARE CHANNELS OF THE COMPUTER.

DR WHO: (BUSY WITH WHAT HE'S DOING) Ah, well, that accounts for it, then.

SIR KEITH: (LOW. TO SUTTON) A brilliant brain. We're very lucky to have him as an advisor. Although he does work on projects of his own most of the time. We offer him facilities - in return for his services.

SUTTON: (UP) And what does the good Doctor think about the Mole-Bore, I wonder?

DR WHO: (NOT LOOKING UP) Mole-Bore ? Personally I don't think there's been nearly enough research done on it. Main trouble is - no one pays much attention to this thing.

HE PATS THE COMPUTER AFFECTIONATELY.

DR WHO: A million pounds worth of equipment here. Best obtainable. Monitors the whole shebang. For some time now it's been sending out danger signals. It's trying to warn us of something. Something rather nasty, I fancy. Yes, horrid. (HE SHRUGS) But there are those who feel inclined to dismiss its advice.

SIR KEITH LOOKS OVER TO STAHLMAN SIGNIFICANTLY.

DR WHO: Well, that's their business, isn't it?

HAVING GOT HIS ANSWERS FROM THE COMPUTER THE DOCTOR MOVES OVER TO THE SWITCH PLATFORM AND CLOSES A CIRCUIT BREAKER. AS HE PASSES SUTTON AGAIN, HE EXPLAINS:

DR WHO: Power for my own little project.

THEN, AS HE MOVES TOWARDS THE EXIT, HE CHANCES TO HEAR STAHLMAN'S RAISED VOICE, TALKING TO PETRA.

STAHLMAN: (LOUDLY) Experts ! Advisors ! Waste of valuable time and money !

THE DOCTOR IS JUST PASSING ONE OF THE TECHNICIANS DEATED AT A COMPLICATED ELECTRONIC PANEL. HE STOPS, TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS BACK AND LEANS OVER THE MAN'S SHOULDER AS HE PEERS AT ONE OF THE DIALS.

DR WHO: (TO THE TECHNICIAN, POLITELY) If were you I would be rather inclined to give that just a touch more lateral compensation. The present readings rather indicate that you will overload and blow-out the main condenser banks - probably around about noon. If they go - might cost at least a couple of hundred thousand pounds to fix. Waste of valuable time and money.

HE TURNS, BOWS SEDATELY TO STAHLMAN, AND EXITS.

CUT TO:

14.T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING.
SAME TIME.

AS THE DOCTOR COMES OUT, GETS INTO HIS CAR AND DRIVES OFF.

CUT TO:

IS.T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DOCTOR'S HUT. A LITTLE
LATER.

THIS IS A FAIRLY ORDINARY LOOKING, RATHER
LONGISH HUT, ABOUT TWICE THE SIZE OF A
CONVENTIONAL GARAGE. IT IS INSIDE THE
COMPLEX AND WE CAN SEE THE BUILDINGS
IN THE B.G. THE HUT HAS A DOUBLE DOOR
ON WHICH IS TACKED A HOME-MADE NOTICE:
'PRIVATE. KEEP OUT.'

PATROLLING NEARBY IS A UNIT SENTRY, WHO
GIVES THE DOCTOR A FRIENDLY WAVE AS HE
COMES INTO VIEW. THE DOCTOR WAVES BACK
AND DRIVES HIS CAR RIGHT UP TO THE DOORS
OF THE HUT - WHICH OPEN BY ELECTRONIC
BEAM OR REMOTE CONTROL. THE CAR GOES
INSIDE.

CUT TO:

16.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S HUT. SAME TIME.

AS THE DOCTOR COMES INSIDE.

THE HUT IS SPLIT INTO TWO PARTS, ALTHOUGH
THERE ARE NO PARTITIONS DIVIDING IT. THE
FIRST HALF IS THE GARAGE FOR THE
DOCTOR'S CAR. BEYOND THIS IS A SORT OF
MINI-LABORATORY, DOMINATED BY THE
TARDIS CONSOLE UNIT WHICH STANDS IN
THE CENTRE OF THE FLOOR. WORKING ON IT
IS LIZ SHAW. SHE'S CHECKING THROUGH
SOME COMPLICATED CIRCUITS. THE DOCTOR
GETS OUT OF HIS CAR AND COMES TOWARDS
HER.

DR WHO: Any progress, Liz?

LIZ: Well, I think I've isolated one of
the faults, Doctor. But we're still getting some
feed-back on the trigamma circuit - and I just
can't find out where it's coming from. Did you get
those figures from the computer?

HE HANDS HER SOME COMPUTER TAPE. SHE
STUDIES IT CAREFULLY.

DR WHO: I think you'll find they only confirm
what we already knew.

LIZ: I'll check them again, anyway.
(BEAT) How are things at Central Control?

DR WHO: Usual friction between Stakman
and Sir Keith. They made a great mistake when
they outlawed duelling, you know. It's a beautifully
simple solution to a difference of opinion.

LIZ: Did you see the Brigadier?

DR WHO: Yes. (PAUSE) There's been a
murder committed.

LIZ: I know. Our sentry was in earlier to make a spot check. He told me about it.

DR WHO: Dreadful business. A murder without a motive - on top of everything else.

BY NOW THEY ARE BOTH BUSY WORKING ON THE FIGURES AND THE MACHINE.

LIZ: And the shaft?

DR WHO: Down to 105,900 feet.

LIZ: Not much farther to go.

DR WHO: No.

LIZ: And when they break through the outer crust?

DR WHO: I should much prefer to think of other things. The Tardis console, for instance.

LIZ: (EARNESTLY) Doctor, you're not still thinking of activating it, are you?

DR WHO: Indeed I am, Liz.

LIZ: It's still not functioning correctly.

DR WHO: I'm aware of that. But I might just discover something if I make a trial run with it.

LIZ: No...

DR WHO: (QUIETLY) I must, Liz. You see, without the Tardis I feel rather lost... A stranger in a foreign land... A shipwrecked mariner... It's hard to explain.

LIZ: When do you propose to make this trial run?

DR WHO: (CASUALLY) In a few minutes.

LIZ: You're not serious!

DR WHO: I am, Liz. I have the strange feeling that - time - is somehow running out.

AND HE TURNS BACK TO THE CONSOLE.

CUT TO:

17.T/C.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE COMPLEX.
SAME TIME.

IN CLOSE ON THE BODY OF ANOTHER UNIT SOLDIER.

PULL BACK TO SHOW TWO UNIT SOLDIERS, THE SERGEANT AND THE BRIGADIER LOOKING DOWN AT IT. THE SERGEANT DRAWS A CAPE OVER THE BODY.

CUT TO:

1 .T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE NUCLEUR REACTOR
BUILDING. SAME TIME.

A SQUARE, FORMIDABLE CONCRETE BUILDING. WE CATCH THE BRILEST GLIMPSE OF HARRY SLOCUM, A SHADOWY FIGURE, AS HE SLINKS ALONG THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, JUST BEFORE HE DISAPPEARS INTO A DOORWAY. AS THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND HIM WE SEE A LARGE WARNING NOTICE ON IT:

'PROJECT MOLE-BORE. NUCLEUR POWER
REACTOR. DANGER! RADIATION!'

CUT BACK TO:

19.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S HUT, SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR IS MAKING SOME FINAL ADJUSTMENTS TO THE CONSOLE.

DR WHO: Now we've been over this routine many times, Liz. You know exactly what to do, don't you?

LIZ: Yes.

DR WHO: Then take up your position. I've already switched the nuclear power through.

LIZ: I wish you would reconsider...

DR WHO: Please.

RELUCTANTLY LIZ GOES OVER TO THE FAR END OF THE HUT (AWAY FROM THE CAR) TO A PANEL OF CIRCUIT BREAKERS.

DR WHO: At my given signal you are to give me the first stage power. And then full boost a fraction later. If an emergency does happen to develop...

LIZ: Yes?

DR WHO: (SHRUGS) Well, I'll think of something.

HE FLICKS SWITCHES AND TURNS DIALS.

CUT TO:

20.

INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEUR REACTOR
SAME TIME.

A ROOM FULL OF DIALS AND ELECTRONIC PANELS, ALL AUTOMATED. IN THE CENTRE IS A MONITORING DESK. A TECHNICIAN SITS AT IT, CONTROLLING THE NUCLEUR POWER OUTPUT TO THE MOLE-BORE.

BEHIND HIM WE SEE THE SHADOWY FIGURE OF HARRY SLOCUM CREEPING UP SILENTLY.

CUT BACK TO:

21.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S HUT, SAME TIME,

THE DOCTOR IS READY TO TAKE THE CONSOLE ON ITS TRIAL RUN.

DR WHO: Stand by, Liz.

LIZ, OVER AT THE PANEL, HAS HER HANDS ON TWO CIRCUIT BREAKERS. IN FRONT OF HER, AT EYE LEVEL, IS A LARGE DIAL, SHOWING THE MEGAVOLTAGE INPUT. THERE'S A RED DANGER MARK COVERING THE LAST FEW FIGURES ON IT.

LIZ: (SHOUTS BACK) Standing by,
Doctor.

DR WHO: Give me first stage power!

LIZ PULLS DOWN ONE OF THE BREAKERS AND MAKES THE FIRST CIRCUIT.

IMMEDIATELY THE CONSOLE BEGINS TO HUM INTO LIFE. LIGHTS FLICK ON, SOMEWHERE A TONAL NOTE BEGINS TO OSCILLATE LOUDLY. THE DOCTOR BRACES HIMSELF.

DR WHO: Full boost, Liz!

SHE PULLS DOWN THE SECOND BREAKER. THE POINTER ON THE DIAL SWINGS OVER.

THE CONSOLE IS BEING ACTIVATED. THE LIGHTS FLASH. THE NOISE INCREASES.

CUT QUICKLY TO:

22.

INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR
SAME TIME,

THE UNCONSCIOUS TECHNICIAN LIES SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR. SLOCUM, EYES BLAZING, THAT SCREECHING NOISE COMING FROM HIS MOUTH, IS AT THE MONITORING DESK. HE TURNS THE MAIN POWER CONTROL TO 'FULL OUTPUT' - AND HOLDS IT THERE.

CUT BACK TO:

23.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S HUT, SAME TIME,

THE DIAL IN FRONT OF LIZ FLASHES 'DANGER' AS THE POINTER SWINGS WILDLY OVER.

THE CONSOLE IS VIBRATING VIOLENTLY. THE DOCTOR, STILL BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST THE MACHINE, BECOMES RIGID AND TAUT, UNABLE TO FREE HIMSELF. SPARKS SPLATTER AROUND THE MACHINE. IT SEEMS TO ROCK AND SHAKE. THE TONAL NOISE BUILDS UP QUICKLY.

DR. WHO (SHOUTING DESPERATELY) Too much power, Liz! Too much power!

LIZ IS STRUGGLING TO RELEASE THE BREAKERS. SPARKS AND WISPS OF SMOKE SPURT OUT AROUND THE CONTACTS. THE POINTER ON THE DIAL IS RIGHT OVER ON THE DANGER AREA AND STILL CREEPING UP. THE CONTACTS ARE JAMMED.

LIZ: (SHOUTS) I can't cut back! The circuits are locked and overloading!

STILL STRUGGLING WITH THE CONTACT BREAKERS SHE TURNS TO LOOK AT THE CONS. OLE, HORRIFIED, SHE WATCHES AS IT DEMATERIALISES BEFORE HER EYES.

MOMENTS LATER THERE IS ONLY A BLANK SPOT ON THE FLOOR WHERE THE DOCTOR, THE CONSOLE AND THE CAR STOOD.

MIX OR DISSOLVE INTO:

24.

INT. NIGHTMARE WARP.

A NIGHTMARE, DALI-ESQUE SCENE. STRANGE DISPROPORTIONATE SHAPES ARE OUTLINED AGAINST A HORRIFIC LANDSCAPE. WEIRD TENDRILS WIND AND TWIST BETWEEN COL-CURED MISTS.

AND RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS - THE CONSOLE, THE CAR AND THE DOCTOR SLOWLY APPEAR AND MATERIALISE. DESPERATELY HE TURNS KNOBS AND PUSHES BUTTONS ON THE MACHINE - BUT THE NIGHTMARE DIMENSION PERSISTS. THE TENDRILS REACH OUT TO HIM...

CUT BACK TO:

25.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S HUT. SAME TIME.

LIZ IS STILL DESPERATELY TUGGING AT THE CONTACT BREAKERS. FINALLY, WITH A MIGHTY EFFORT SHE MANAGES TO RELEASE ONE OF THEM, BUT THE OTHER REMAINS FIRMLY JAMMED.

THE POINTER ON THE MEGAVOLTAGE DIAL EASES BACK JUST A FRACTION - BUT REMAINS WELL WITHIN THE DANGER AREA.

MIX BACK TO:

26.

INT. NIGHTMARE WARP.

JUST AS THE EVIL LOOKING TENDRILS BEGIN TO WRAP THEMSELVES ABOUT THE DOCTOR AND THE CONSOLE - HE AND THE MACHINE BEGIN TO DEMATERIALISE AND DISAPPEAR.

MIX SLOWLY TO:

27.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S HUT, ANOTHER WARP.

THIS IS RECOGNISABLE AS THE DOCTOR'S HUT - BUT, LIKE THE PREVIOUS SCENE, IT HAS A NIGHTMARE QUALITY ABOUT IT. COLOURS AND SHAPES ARE WEIRDLY DIFFERENT, AND LIZ, STILL OVER AT THE PANEL, LOOKS COMPLETELY CHANGED. EVERYTHING APPEARS TO BE MOVING IN ULTRA SLOW MOTION. IT IS AS THOUGH THE DOCTOR HAS RETURNED TO HIS HUT - BUT IN A DIFFERENT DIMENSION, A DIFFERENT WARP.

DR WHO: (SHOUTS) Cut back the power!
LIZ: Switch off, Liz!

THIS STRANGE LIZ-FIGURE STRUGGLES WITH THE OTHER BREAKER.

MIX TO:

28.

INT. THE DOCTOR'S HUT. SAME TIME.

BACK TO THE CONVENTIONAL DOCTOR'S HUT. NEITHER THE DOCTOR, THE CAR OR THE CONSOLE HAVE REAPPEARED.

LIZ HAS GIVEN UP TRYING TO OPEN THE OTHER BREAKER BY HAND. SHE LOOKS QUICKLY AROUND FOR SOME WEAPON. SHE GRABS THE NEAREST THING, A CHAIR, LIFTS IT UP AND SMASHES IT AGAINST THE PANEL. THE LAST CIRCUIT BREAKER SNAPS OPEN. THE POINTER ON THE MEGAVOLTAGE DIAL DROPS ABRUPTLY BACK TO ZERO.

VERY SLOWLY THE DOCTOR, THE CAR AND THE CONSOLE BEGIN TO MATERIALISE. LIZ WATCHES THE REAPPEARANCE WITH GREAT RELIEF.

AS SOON AS THEY HAVE FULLY MATERIALISED LIZ RUSHES OVER TO THE SHAKEN DOCTOR.

LIZ: (ANXIOUSLY) Are you alright, Doctor?

HE PATS HIS BODY TO FEEL IF ANYTHING IS BROKEN.

DR WHO: M'mm, I don't think I've left anything behind.

LIZ: The power output went mad. I couldn't control it. It suddenly shot up to maximum megavoltage.

DR WHO: So I gather.

LIZ: What happened to you and the console?

DR WHO: A most interesting experience.

LIZ: Time travel ? Space...?

DR WHO: Neither. We appeared to transfer into another dimension, another warp. A strange, nightmarish world. And then, on the 'journey' back we passed in a place which was recognisable as this hut. Yet different. I saw someone who closely resembled you... An alter-ego... Maybe it was this Earth's alter-ego. All very interesting. I must give some serious thought to it.

LIZ: But you won't activate the console again.

DR WHO: Oh, but I have to.

LIZ: After all that ?

DR WHO: Because of all that. (THOUGHT-FULLY) I wonder where I was exactly?

LIZ: Wherever you were - you very nearly didn't get back !

DR WHO: It was the power output that was the principal fault. I had no chance to check the console's performance. What did happen with the power ?

LIZ: I don't know. It just built up very suddenly to maximum - I couldn't control it.

DR WHO: Well, the next time we must ~~choose~~...

BUT BEFORE HE CAN FINISH THE SENTENCE THEY HEAR THE URGENT SOUND OF ALARM BELLS AND SIRENS RINGING OUT ALL OVER THE COMPLEX.

DR WHO: Emergency alarms !

LIZ: Something must have happened at the Drill-Field !

THEY RUSH QUICKLY TO THE CAR. THE DOCTOR STARTS IT, THE DOORS OPEN AND THEY BACK QUICKLY OUT.

CUT TO:

29.T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE DOCTOR'S HUT. SAME TIME.

AS THE DOCTOR'S CAR BACKS OUT. THEIR UNIT SENTRY SIGNALS THAT THE ROAD IS CLEAR. THE CAR TURNS INTO IT AND MOVES QUICKLY AWAY.

IN THE B.G. TECHNICIANS AND SOLDIERS ARE RUNNING TOWARDS THE MAIN OPERATIONAL BUILDING.

CUT TO:

30.

INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA. SAME TIME.

A SCENE OF FRENZIED ACTIVITY. ALARM BELLS AND SIGNALS ARE RINGING, EMERGENCY LIGHTS ARE FLASHING. FROM THE PIPES AND CABLES LEADING INTO BASE-PLATE SUPERHET STEAM AND VAPOR IS ESCAPING. TECHNICIANS ARE FRANTICALLY TRYING TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION. UNDER STAHLMAN'S DIRECTION, OVER THE DIN HE SHOUTS TO THE MAN NEAREST HIM.

STAHLMAN: (LOUDLY) Feed in more coolant from the reserve pipeline!

THE TECHNICIAN DOUBLES AWAY TO DO HIS BIDDING.

STAHLMAN: And keep clear of those power cables.

HE MOVES TO THE TUNNEL LEADING TO CENTRAL CONTROL. BEFORE HE GOES OUT HE TURNS AND ADDRESSES EVERYONE IN THE AREA.

STAHLMAN: (PROJECTING) No one is to move from their posts! Is that understood? Anyone leaving this area without authority will face immediate disciplinary action!

AND HE MOVES BRUSQUELY OUT.

CUT TO:

31.

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL AREA. SAME TIME.

AS AT THE DRILL-HEAD, THERE IS A GREAT BUSTLE OF NOISE AND ACTIVITY HERE, TOO. THE SAME ALARM SIGNALS AND EMERGENCY LIGHTS ARE FLASHING.

SIR KEITH AND SUTTON ARE STARING AT SOME NEARBY DIALS. PETRA IS TRYING TO GET AN ANSWER FROM A WALL TELEPHONE. TECHNICIANS DART ABOUT, CHECKING METER MAKING ADJUSTMENTS, ETC.

IN THE B.G. GIANT FIRE SCREENS AND BLAST SHIELDS ARE BEING LOWERED INTO PLACE.

(C.I. (COUNTDOWN INDICATOR) SHOWS 5 HRS; 52 MINS. DEPTH: VERY CLOSE TO THE 10,000 FT MARK.)

STAHLMAN COMES IN. HE STOPS AS HE SEES THE SHIELDS COMING DOWN.

STAHLMAN: (ANGRILY) Who ordered these shields to be lowered?

SIR KEITH BREAKS AWAY FROM THE DIALS AND COMES OVER TO STAHLMAN. SUTTON FOLLOWS HIM OVER.

SIR KEITH: I gave the order.

STAHLMAN: why?

SIR KEITH: This is a Red-Cone Emergency,
Professor...

STAHLMAN: Is it? I haven't said so yet.

SIR KEITH: It's quite obvious...

STAHLMAN: (SHOUTING ACROSS THE AREA)
Get those blast shields and fire screens back up
again! Immediately!

SIR KEITH: For goodness sake...

STAHLMAN: Anything that happens in this area
is my responsibility, Sir Keith! Mine! Is that
clear?

SIR KEITH: Well, at least order the power to
be shut off.

STAHLMAN: And stop the drill!

SIR KEITH: Of course.

STAHLMAN TURNS TO SUTTON.

STAHLMAN: (WITH HEAVY SARCASM) You're
the drilling expert, aren't you, Mr Otman?
Perhaps you'd care to tell Sir Keith what would
happen if we stopped the drill. (HE SHOUTS OVER
TO PETRA) Haven't you contacted the reactor
yet?

PETRA: (SHOUTING BACK) I can't seem
to get any answer, Professor.

HE STORMS OVER TO HER. SIR KEITH TURNS
TO SUTTON.

SIR KEITH: Why can't he stop the drill?

SUTTON: At that depth, at that pressure -
you'd never get it going again. The drill-bit would
seize-up immediately. It would lock into the strata.
You'd have to abandon the bore.

SIR KEITH: (LOW) And maybe that wouldn't be
such a bad idea, either.

THE SHIELDS ARE BEING RAISED.

CUT TO:

32.T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING.
SAME TIME.

THE ALARMS ARE STILL BLARING. SOME
TECHNICIANS AND FIRE-FIGHTERS ARE BE-
GGINING TO ASSEMBLE OUTSIDE.

LIZ AND THE DOCTOR COME INTO VIEW. THE DOCTOR BINGS HIS CAR RIGHT UP TO THE MAIN ENTRANCE. HE AND LIZ JUMP OUT AND RUSH INSIDE THE BUILDING.

A COUPLE LATER THE BRIGADIER AND HIS SERGEANT COME RUNNING IN FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION. THEY, TOO, RUSH INSIDE.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CENTRAL CONTROL AREA. SAME TIME.

STAHLMAN HAS TAKEN THE PHONE FROM PETRA AND IS SHOUTING INTO IT.

STAHLMAN: (INTO PHONE) Alright, ~~■■■~~ try the reactor switch room again! And keep trying until you get an answer from them!

HE TURNS TO PETRA.

STAHLMAN: Petra, find out if they have the reserve coolant flowing yet.

PETRA DOUBLES AWAY TOWARDS THE TUNNEL, BUT IS INTERCEPTED BY SUTTON BEFORE SHE REACHES IT. HE GRABS HER ARM.

SUTTON: I wouldn't go in there, if I was you ~~Miss Williams~~.

PETRA: Mr Sutton, will you let go of my arm, please?

SUTTON: Look, maybe this is the Grandad of all shafts and holes - but I'll bet it behaves exactly the same as an oil bore when things go wrong. The pressure down there can blow the concrete roof right off this building...

PETRA: Thank you, ~~■■■~~ I know what can happen - but I still have a job to do.

AND SHE SHAKES HER ARM FREE AND DASHES INTO THE TUNNEL. SUTTON GOES TO THE FUNNEL MOUTH AFTER HER.

LIZ AND THE DOCTOR RUSH IN. THEY MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE COMPUTER. THEY ARE FOLLOWED IN BY THE BRIGADIER AND HIS SERGEANT. THEY AND SIR KEITH JOIN THE DOCTOR AT THE MACHINE. THE LATTER IS STARING INTENTLY AT THE DATA TAPE AS IT RATTLES OUT.

SIR KEITH: Maybe you can talk some sense into Stahlman, Doctor...

DR WHO: I doubt if there's all that much time left to indulge in lengthy conversations, Sir Keith.

BRIGADIER: What is the trouble ?

DR WHO: Quite obvious. A nuclear power surge. Actually, we experienced it ourselves earlier. They must have gone quite mad at the reactor...

HE STOPS, REALISING THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE WORD 'MAD', AND GLANCES AT THE BRIGADIER.

BRIGADIER: (STEADILY) There's been another murder.

SIR KEITH: Oh, so...

DR WHO: Another one of your sentries ?

BRIGADIER: Yes.

DR WHO: And was the body found anywhere near the reactor ?

BRIGADIER: Not all that far from it.

STAHLMAN COMES BARGING QUICKLY IN.

STAHLMAN: Doctor, will you get out of my way ! And stay out of it !

DR WHO: (ALMOST CASUALLY) I'm afraid I have to admit I was wrong.

STAHLMAN: What ?

DR WHO: It's not so much your liver as your general disposition, Professor.

BEFORE STAHLMAN CAN REACT PROPERLY TO THIS, THE DOCTOR HAS HURRIED AWAY. THE BRIGADIER AND THE SERGEANT FOLLOW HIM.

THEY STOP NEAR THE WALL TELEPHONE WHERE A TECHNICIAN HAS TAKEN OVER THE PHONE,

DR WHO: (TO THE TECHNICIAN) No answer from the nuclear reactor ?

THE MAN SHAKES HIS HEAD. THE DOCTOR, THE BRIGADIER AND THE SERGEANT MAKE A DASH FOR THE EXIT.

PETRA COMES OUT OF THE DRILL-HEAD TUNNEL. SHE PAUSES NEAR SUTTON.

PETRA: (ICY) You'll be pleased to hear, Mr Sutton, that the roof fan is still intact in there.

SUTTON SMILES AND WATCHES AS PETRA HURRIES OVER TO REPORT TO STAHLMAN.

CUT TO:

34.T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE OPERATIONAL BUILDING,
SAME TIME.

AS THE DOCTOR, THE BRIGADIER AND THE SERGEANT RUSH OUT. THEY MAKE STRAIGHT FOR THE DOCTOR'S CAR AND PILE IN. THE SERGEANT BECKONS TO A NEARBY UNIT SOLDIER TO COME WITH THEM. THE MAN SCRAMBLES ABOARD THE CAR AS IT MOVES QUICKLY OFF. THE DOCTOR STARTS UP AN OLD FASHIONED KLAXON HORN TO CLEAR THE WAY AHEAD.

CUT TO:

35.

INT. DRILL-HEAD AREA, SAME TIME.

THE EMERGENCY IS STILL BUILDING UP. TECHNICIANS ARE WORKING DESPERATELY TO COMBAT THE MOUNTING CRISIS.

THE JETS OF STEAM FROM THE PIPES HAVE INCREASED IN INTENSITY AND IT IS OBVIOUS THAT THE PRESSURE IS BUILDING UP AT AN ALARMING RATE.

CUT TO:

36.T/C.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE NUCLEAR REACTOR,
SAME TIME.

THE DOCTOR'S CAR COMES TO A HALT OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE TO THE REACTOR. EVERYONE GETS OUT AND RUSHES FOR THE DOORWAY. THE UNIT SOLDIER HAS HIS RIFLE AT THE READY.

CUT TO:

37.

INT. STAIRWAY, SAME TIME, (OPTIONAL)

AS THE PARTY DASH UP THE STAIRS, THE BRIGADIER LEADING THE WAY.

CUT TO:

38.

INT. MAIN SWITCH ROOM, NUCLEAR REACTOR,
SAME TIME.

AS THE BRIGADIER COMES BURSTING IN, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR. THEY SEE THE UNCONSCIOUS TECHNICIAN ON THE FLOOR - AND SLOCUM WITH HIS HAND STILL ON THE MAIN POWER CONTROL, STILL HOLDING IT DOWN TO 'FULL OUTPUT'. HE TURNS ON THEM, SNARLING AND SCREECHING - LIKE SOME FURIOUS ANIMAL AT BAY.

THE UNIT SOLDIER CATCHES SIGHT OF SLOCUM'S HANDS. HIS EYES WIDEN WITH HORROR. THE BRIGADIER IS ABOUT TO ADVANCE ON SLOCUM, REVOLVER AT THE READY - BUT THE DOCTOR PUTS OUT A RESTRAINING ARM AND POINTS.

WE CAME IN CLOSE ON SLOCUM'S HANDS AND ARMS. IN THE SHORT TIME SINCE HE'S BEEN IN THE MAIN SWITCH ROOM THERE HAS BEEN A MATAMORPHIC CHANGE. THE COLOURED STAINS ARE NO LONGER VISIBLE. INSTEAD HIS FINGERS HAVE TURNED INTO GROTESQUE CLAWS - HIS HANDS AND ARMS ARE COVERED WITH THICK, MATTED HAIR...

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS, ETC.